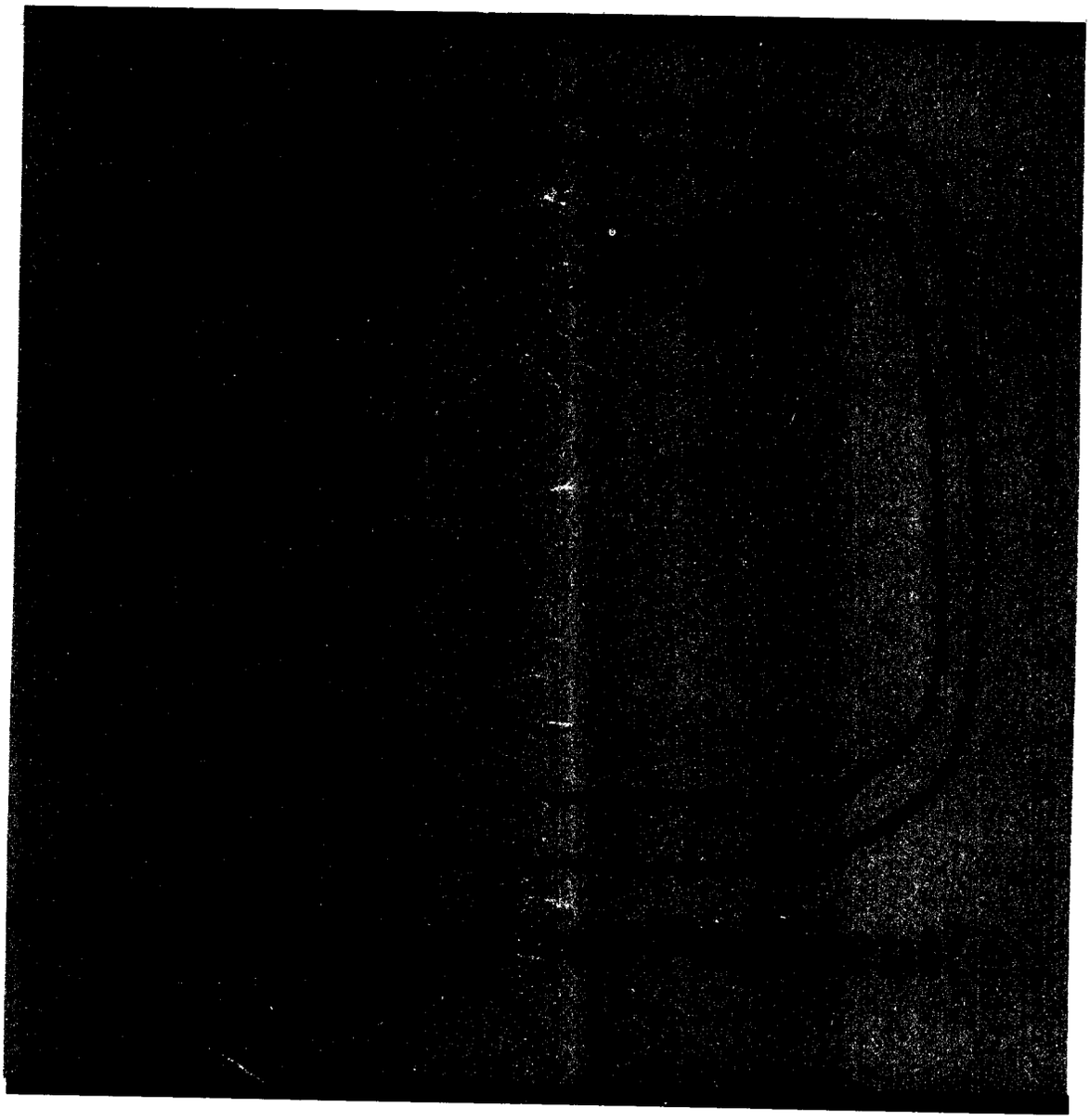
THE NEW REPUBLIC



October 24, 1960, 25 cents

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T.R.B. from Washington

Stand, Pat

★ It was Wednesday of the "Martha For First Lady Week," and Federalist enthusiasm ran high. Fife and drum corps paraded, torches cast their fitful glare over upturned faces and innumerable transparencies carried the words "Elect Martha and George."

The tall, soldierly figure in brown with eagle buttons, white stockings and a bagwig came to the front of the draped platform and silenced the multitude with a solemn wave of his hand. "I am too humble," he began, "to speak to you, fellow citizens, of my own modest services. But there is one near and dear to me whom I may praise. Ladies and gentlemen – my wife, Martha!"

A thunderous cheer rose as the matronly figure with powdered hair, in fichu and pannier, moved forward sedately down the platform. Fife and drums broke into "Yankee Doodle." "I want to thank you, thank you from the bottom of my heart, for Martha and me," said the Speaker when silence permitted. "I think from now on Martha and I will always remember this scene!"

His voice fell and deepened. "I find inspiration in the occasion. It was such inspiration, my friends, that came in thinking of Martha in those grim lonely nights at Valley Forge." (Applause, rising to a roar). "As I travel about the country I see mothers holding babies up and I feel proud that Martha is there for them to see. And I only hope that, should I win this contest, that I can equal her in maintaining the dignity of the office – in seeing to it that whenever my mother or father talks to his child he can look at the little woman in the White House and, whatever he may think of *my* policies will say, 'there's a woman who maintains the kind of standards personally that I want my child to follow!' "

As cheers rose to a roar, the Great Figure swiftly drew the lace of his sleeve across his moist eyes in a manly gesture. "Isn't she wonderful!" he exclaimed.

Mister Facing-Both-Ways

★ In his political pamphlet, "Kennedy or Nixon: Does It Make Any Difference?" Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., argues that Nixon is the one man in public life who can reverse his stand without causing substantial revision in the popular estimate of his character. This was well illustrated in the past week when Nixon abandoned his stand for repeal of the Connally Amendment. This Amendment cripples the World Court by reserving to America the right to determine whether the Court has jurisdiction in any case involving the USA. Nixon's opposition to the Amendment was an encouraging example of his internationalism. Like President Eisenhower and Attorney General Rogers, he forthrightly backs repeal, as against the isolationist GOP radical Right. The Democratic platform, incidentally, favors repeal; the GOP platform pussyfoots. Now Nixon has switched. Goldwater and the conservatives were too much. He would still drop the Connally reservation but he would substitute a new reservation of his own having the same effect. The interesting thing is how little attention the incident attracts. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* had a character like that, Mister Facing-Both-Ways.

Eyes South

★ While we are at it, here are some other points from the campaign. Up in Harlem it seemed like a bright idea for Henry Cabot Lodge to promise or anyway to hint, that Nixon would put a Negro in his Cabinet. When Lodge got down to Virginia it didn't seem bright at all and both he and Nixon awkwardly backed away from the thought.

Meanwhile Nixon kept his eye on the South with a flat endorsement of the vicious 27.5 percent tax depletion allowance on petroleum which has given us so many Texas millionaires. Nixon said it was a noble provision. Kennedy played politics to the extent that he declined to say categorically that he opposed the allowance and merely said that he would study all tax loopholes if elected. Texas, of course, is a potent state for campaign contributions. In candor it must be added that Kennedy picked Lyndon Johnson as running mate, who specifically favors the rich tax favor.

Finally, Nixon traveled through Virginia, the home state of House Rules Committee czar, Rep. Howard K. Smith (D) praising the work of that despotic body. Nixon said he wouldn't reduce the Rules Committee's power a bit – it has never blocked legislation that a majority of the House really wanted. This of course is nonsense, as the youngest page boy knows, on a par with his assertion that American prestige was never so high, Moscow's never so low.

It hints that Nixon realizes that, even if elected, he will face a Democratic Congress. The conservative Rules Committee will of course be a major tool in combating a hostile legislature.

Nixon and Congress

★ This brings up a comment Senator Fulbright (D, Ark.) made the other day. He thinks the biggest issue of the campaign is not a matter of ideology but whether we are going to get a united government after six years. Obviously we won't if Nixon is elected. And a Democratic Congress with Nixon will be different from one with Eisenhower. Democrats could tolerate Ike, they even liked him and muted their partisanship. To Nixon, however, some feel a visceral antagonism that goes to deep repugnance. This argument may not be on the highest plane – it is pragmatic rather than a matter of principle – yet anybody who wants strong forward movement after a period of apathy and negativism will shudder at the thought of Nixon confronting a Democratic Congress.

Can America afford political ambassadors any more? Cuba prompts the question. The two businessmen who were our last envoys to Havana were big contributors to the GOP campaign chest; they were not trained foreign service officers. They found little to criticize in the Batista dictatorship that looked sympathetically on big business; they ignored Castro. In the deepening cold war can America still rely on spoils system innocents?

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It's No Debate

THE WEEK

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Robert Evett, Books & the Arts Editor
F. R. Ruskin, Assistant to the Publisher

Contributing Editors:
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Those Peskydoreys never did have much chance of exciting the passions of a large number of voters, but before the argument ends over which candidate was or was not willing to stand by our treaty commitments in the Formosa Straits, a parting observation is in order about Mr. Nixon's manner of handling issues in general. Given a concrete problem, he invokes what he calls a principle; in this instance, that of not giving an inch to dictators. It is proferred not as a point in argument, but as a device to foreclose argument. What is provident and what is feasible are no longer to be valid considerations. Indeed, there is to be no issue – only a slogan intended to stop discussion, to identify the Vice President with virtue, and his opponent with fuzzy-mindedness, woolly-headedness, moral slackness, etc.

In dealing with the U-2 debacle and its effect on the Summit negotiations and the whole future of relationships with the Soviet Union, Mr. Nixon has similarly fled from argument. Was it provident to have scheduled the flights to the eve of the negotiations? Was it a display of competence to have brought discredit to the word of the United States? Was it conceivable that the US might have made some formal amend if this would have served to preserve the nexus of negotiation? These matters are not to be weighed, for in the Nixon version, the security of the US was involved, and therefore, whatever was done was irreproachable. Security, in this view, becomes an absolute. It is necessary only to invoke it, and all other considerations are thereby rendered immaterial and irrelevant.

Mr. Nixon entered the TV dialogues with an enviable reputation as a debater. One can only wonder whether it was ever deserved. Debate refers to a forensic contest over the merits of issues. But Nixon seems to abhor a contest over the merits of stubbornly two-sided questions. With these he has trouble keeping his high level of aplomb. His face tends to cloud over with a feral look, which he then tries to correct by smiling one of his mirthless smiles. He does much better on the issues that he can make over to appear one-sided. His talent is for tricky polemics, not for matching ideas in realms where good men may differ. He looks for perches from which to proclaim with absolute finality the rightness and patriotism of his position. When he can do this, he is obviously pleased, comfortable and self-assured.

Whether this preemptiveness is prudent or even clever no one can know – at least not until the morning of November ninth.

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Y'all Come Aboard

Within the last two weeks Lyndon Johnson has shown that he can charm tough trade unionists as well as Senators, and has even roused the reluctant South to mild enthusiasm for the Democratic ticket. On October 8 in a confrontation scene with 400 of the most hard-boiled labor officials in the country – the Trade Union Council of the Liberal Party of New York – Johnson turned a "show me" audience into a cheering crowd. Johnson seemed almost as surprised as the reporters present that he came out so well. And last week the LBJ Special lighted fires wherever the train stopped along a 3,800-mile, five-day tour of Southern states.

In most of his 57 whistle-stop speeches, Johnson carefully included the same call for "full constitutional guarantees to all citizens regardless of race or color" that he had given before the Liberal Party. And at every stop he came down hard on the need for religious tolerance. Nobody threw a tomato. The Johnson drawl grew thicker as the train went South, and the crowds seemed less interested in what he said than how he said it. Local politicians were given a short course in how to stick to the letter of the national platform and make the home folks like it.

But the missionary work Johnson was able to do with those who came down to the depot to hear him speak from the rear platform was not the important part of the tour. It was the 1,247 local leaders who boarded the train to ride with the candidate from one town to another. Each had a chance to "press the flesh," as Johnson inelegantly describes it, have his picture taken with the nominee and exchange a few words in the rear car that became LBJ's traveling Senate cloak room. There the local pros "got the word" – get to work if you expect to be welcome around Washington later. And somehow politicians got the impression that President Kennedy and Vice President Johnson would know who had dragged his feet and who had not.

The result is that bets on how the South will go in November are changing.

Talks with voters, reporters and local office-holders along the route indicate that only Virginia, Florida and Texas are in much doubt, and that the rest of the South is tending or is definitely Democratic. It is significant that Johnson and his entourage received the police escorts and VIP treatment top Southern politicians usually reserve for themselves. Both Barkley in 1948 and Sparkman in 1952 were denied these courtesies. In those years, Democrats sneaked into hotel rooms to check in with the Vice Presidential candidate, if they talked to him at all.

Among the three most difficult states, Texas poses the least problem. Johnson and Rayburn are so wholeheartedly determined to carry their own bailiwick – to avoid serious loss of face if for no other reason – that Texans are confident they will somehow do it.

In Virginia, Sen. Harry Byrd, the most powerful figure in the state, still refuses to indicate any preference for his own party's ticket over the Republican. Nevertheless most members of his machine organization have finally come out for the Kennedy-Johnson slate and are going through the motions of campaigning for it.

In Florida, too, some of the party hierarchy has been less than helpful. Florida's senior Senator, Spessard Holland, did bring himself to introduce his Senate leader at an LBJ luncheon in Orlando, but he still has not endorsed Kennedy and will not campaign this year. Governor-elect Farris Bryant made his first speech for the ticket at the same luncheon and was so encouraged by its reception that he spoke out again more strongly before the day was out. But Bryant has not promised to campaign either.

Eleven Southern states seem likely, however, to give Kennedy and Johnson well over 100 electoral votes this year – and that has not happened since 1944.

The Omnipotent Cop

J. Edgar Hoover was asked by a Sioux Falls, South Dakota, newspaper editor to name those who, in the opinion of the Director of the FBI, "have been the most experienced members of Congress with knowledge of the Communistic threats and legislative know-how to handle the situation in our national legislature today?" Hoover complied, singling out Senators Mundt and Bridges and Representatives Rooney and McCormack, which selection was duly reported by Associated Press.

It is a measure of Mr. Hoover's immunity from the traditional restraints imposed upon the police in democratic countries that he should have been asked the question and should have replied. And immune he is: both Senator Kennedy and Vice President Nixon have left no doubt that, if elected, they would certainly want the incumbent to remain at his post.

But if a cop's opinion on the competence of politicians is to be solicited and publicized, why not his opinion on judges? Indirectly, that opinion is already sought and given. Since the day John Foster Dulles insisted on having the FBI attest his purity prior to his becoming Secretary of State, all prospective federal judges have been run through the FBI sifter; no appointment is likely to be made if an FBI check raises a doubt. Mr. Hoover exercises a fool-proof veto.

What next? Perhaps by 1964, or '84, the Joint Chiefs of Staff will tell the voters which candidates, in their opinion, have the most know-how in defense matters. And when that happens, Washington and Buenos Aires can have a real *embrazo*. For in Argentina, it has long been the custom for Generals to take a positive interest in who governs the country, and how.

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Ambassador Lodge

The Republican candidate for Vice President has had a very good press. *Life*, which is partial to Republicans, reports that "his forceful work in the UN has given him such an admiring public that there are more demands for his appearance all over the country." *The Nation*, which is not partial to the GOP, finds that "if circumstances permitted, we would have registered a further protest by marking a separate ballot for Henry Cabot Lodge for Vice President."

Mr. Lodge came to the United Nations at an hour which Secretary Dulles described as the beginning of the Eisenhower era and the end of the Stalin era. His first act was to inform all and sundry, particularly the press and photographers, that he would not shake hands with the Soviet representative, Andrei Y. Vishinsky. This historic declaration was duly recorded. (He is flexible, however, and did not refuse later to dine privately as the guest of Mr. Vishinsky at the Waldorf-Astoria.

The Ambassador resembles his running mate in his preoccupation with public relations and, like Mr. Nixon, he does not always perceive the effect of his gestures on the audience abroad. He has risen again and again on the floor of the UN to rebut some Soviet charge and won headlines the next day in *The New York Journal-American*. But it has seemed to many UN delegates that Mr. Lodge's tough rejoinders were aimed more at the American voter than at the Russians. In travels about the country, he has helped neutralize, even win over, right-wing elements hostile to the United Nations, but it has been done by portraying the UN as primarily a boxing arena in which Mr. Lodge knocks down Communists and wins every decision. ("We won," he said last week in reference to the UN vote on considering membership for Communist China – "that's the ultimate in any contest.") The more successful he has been in convincing right-wing Republicans of the UN's value, the less convincing he has been to those in the UN who value patient persuasion over personal display.

His relations with his staff have not been happy. He came to his post suspecting the State Department. There were times in those first months, his subordinates recall, when, indignant at a particular set of instructions received from the State Department, Lodge went to some lengths to track down the origin of the instructions, so that he might know what evil hand had attempted to conspire against him. An effort would then be made to pin personal blame on some subordinate in the Department. He has found it hard to brook personal interference and has tended to regard difference of opinion as disloyalty to him.

The suspicion in UN circles that the Ambassador meant to use his position as a springboard to higher office was reenforced on May 26, 1960, when Mr.

"Wonderful"

Three weeks before a national election, a characteristic disease sweeps all political headquarters. It is a form of paralysis, contrasting, though, with the infantile variety in that the iron lung in this case is inside the patient.

Muscular impairment is, however, as marked in campaign paralysis as in infantile. In campaign paralysis, the muscles normally affected are those of the left hand and arm – never of the lips or throat. The sufferer becomes progressively unable to hang up a telephone.

Attitudes at the two ends of the wire alternate. While one is recounting anecdotes and bits of political gossip the other chooses the item among his or her recent experience – little or no difference between the sexes has been noted in the incidence of the disease – with which to cut in at the earliest opportunity, returning full attention to the wire only as the gag-line is neared. With a cue-speed which would be the admiration of Tyrone Guthrie, as soon as one gag-line has been delivered, the quasi-listener at the other end says, "Wonderful!" This induces a pleased pause, during which the line is preempted for the Chosen Item. At its completion, the other quasi-listener says, "Wonderful!"

Campaign paralysis not only takes a toll, it makes a toll bill, but the expense is regarded as justified on the grounds that it will make the other fellow feel good, and if he feels good, he will work harder. Inability to appreciate that it will also give him less time to work for the party of his choice should he be so inclined is a progressive characteristic of this form of paralysis.

Another symptom of the progression of the disease is the sly cunning which sufferers develop in sustaining the conversation when, without either participant willing it, the talk almost brings itself to a close. At the slightest sign of flagging, the iron lungs automatically accelerate. More often than not, only the incursion of another person – a frantic secretary, if the talk is at high level, a flustered volunteer lower down – gives the conversation a *coup de grace*.

The last word, at both ends of the line, standardized as the initial hello!, is "Wonderful!"

Helen Hill Miller
Washington, D. C.

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Lodge displayed before the Security Council the famous "bugged" American eagle taken from the US Embassy in Moscow. US newspapers made much of the "discovery," but UN delegates just smiled. For that particular "bugging" had been well advertised long before. This seal had been used for briefing purposes in security procedures in the State Department for at least six years. And the Ambassador's mock indignation at this evidence of Soviet espionage was the more ludicrous because it came on the heels of President Eisenhower's remark that Khrushchev had no right to be mad about the U-2 flights because he, Khrushchev, had known about them for a long while, and if he had why didn't he mention them to the President when they met?

Although nearly 30 more nations are represented in the UN today than during the Truman Administration, the permanent US mission under Ambassador Lodge now has fewer people assigned to daily systematic liaison then it had then. Delegates from Africa, Asia, Latin America say openly that months go by without contact with the US delegation, except at formal sessions. As Chief of the mission, Ambassador Lodge has been responsible for our representation in the highly important Economic and Social Council of the UN, where matters affecting the future of underdeveloped countries are under constant consideration. Yet in seven years, Mr. Lodge has appeared before the Economic and Social Council but once, and then it was only after careful prearrangement to make sure the television cameras would be on hand. In the first five years of the Eisenhower era the US has had five different representatives on the Economic and Social Council; only one had any background in economics; none had any experience in international diplomacy; and for none of them was it a full-time job.

There have been other tests on which the Ambassador has scored less than brilliantly. The world had hailed Eleanor Roosevelt's tireless leadership in securing adoption by the United Nations General Assembly of a Declaration of Human Rights. This was scuttled very shortly after Mr. Lodge arrived in New York; the US announced this country would not sign the treaty.

Mr. Lodge's fame for bucking the Russians is deserved, though historians may not accept this reputation at its current value. On Saturday, November 3, 1956, the UN Security Council was meeting to consider the situation in Hungary. The British as well as the French insisted that the Council should continue to sit, inasmuch as, they said, information from Hungary indicated that massive Russian forces were moving on Budapest. The Cuban pre-Castro delegate joined the French and the British in pleading with Lodge to support a motion for a continuing meeting of the Council. A UN correspondent reporting the story at the time has said that Lodge asked the Soviet delegate, Arkady Sobolev, to comment on the information furnished by the British and French, and to nobody's surprise, Sobolev said that he had not heard of any such Soviet troop movements. Lodge, thereupon, did not press his resolution calling upon Russia to cease its intervention to a vote, and he agreed with Mr. Sobolev to adjourn the Council until the following Monday. Within a few hours press dispatches began pouring in describing the Russian attack on Budapest. Lodge then let loose a violent verbal barrage and demanded an emergency meeting of the Security Council, which assembled at 3 a.m. on Sunday morning. According to the same UN correspondent, the British and French and a number of other Western delegates privately accused Lodge of being responsible for what was happening in Budapest, which was certainly too severe a judgment, for Khrushchev would have dispatched the Red Army to Hungary whether the Security Council had been sitting or not.

Without going into the wisdom or unwisdom of the US decision to join with the Soviet Union in blocking French, British and Israeli moves in Egypt, it can be said with some fairness that Mr. Lodge's handling of the Suez dispute was unnecessarily tactless, and especially so in his refusal to associate himself with Lester Pearson of Canada, who was leading the effort for some kind of compromise solution.

On the day of Lodge's nomination as the Republican Vice Presidential candidate, Pauline Frederick of NBC had a revealing interview on television with NBC's Joseph C. Harsch. She asked Mr. Harsch what reaction he thought there would be among European diplomats to Mr. Lodge's selection. Mr. Harsch replied that he thought there would be widespread pleasure at the nomination, for it would take Mr. Lodge out of the foreign policy arena – that is, he would not be Secretary of State. (Mr. Harsch did not know at the time he spoke of Mr. Nixon's pledge to put Mr. Lodge in charge of the Cold War should they both be elected.) Mr. Harsch went on to say that it had to be admitted that European diplomats with whom he had talked did not care for Mr. Mr. Lodge's tactics in the UN. Specifically, they felt that by attempting always to answer the Russians in kind, he succeeded only in annoying or antagonizing the friends of the West without having any effect on the Russians themselves, since the Soviets are never afraid of tough talk. Harsch said further that this kind of tough talk by the Ambassador, addressed largely to the American press, had presented the neutralist representatives with a dilemma: what difference does it make, they said to themselves, if both of the big powers are belligerent. The *Economist* of London took a similar line after Lodge's nomination: "Those who have worked with him at the United Nations have doubts about his fundamental ability."

The country could do worse than Cabot Lodge. But those who are consoled by that have already accepted the inevitability of American decline.

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Danger – Small Boys at Work

When Jackie Kennedy left her house in Georgetown to go to a listening party for the second TV debate between the Presidential candidates, she found Vote Nixon painted on her sidewalk.

When Nikita Khrushchev met David Susskind on "Open End," the usual commercials were replaced by plugs for "Truth Dollars" for Radio Free Europe – an organization whose objective is the dismantling of Mr. Khrushchev's empire.

Mr. K's reaction to this type of dollars for democrats did not differ materially from Mrs. K's reaction to this kind of sidewalk art; but what is fun and games in American elections is cloak and dagger in international affairs. In earlier days, twisting the lion's tail was a safe and even politically profitable pastime; getting a bear by the tail is something different.

Resuming Nuclear Tests

Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey has been the symbol and leading proponent of sincere negotiation with the USSR in the hope of establishing an adequately controlled ban on the testing of nuclear weapons. To have him announce recently that he favors resumption of underground testing if no agreement is forthcoming by June, 1961, may have been shocking to some, but Senator Humphrey said nothing that was not implicit in his earlier statements.

The present truce, he recognizes, is inadequately monitored and cannot be expected to last forever. For more than two years our negotiators, sometimes, with considerable skill in spite of woefully inadequate preparation and uncertain backing, have been trying to devise an acceptable compromise between the US Government's desire for airtight controls and Soviet reluctance to permit free access to inspectors. If it should appear to the Russians that American patience is infinite, their incentive to concede enough to permit agreement would diminish. As long as it lasts, the present moratorium gives them a *de facto* ban without controls. It does not, however, give them all they want, for it does not provide a means by which the nuclear club might be kept exclusive – and for that reason alone the Russians may genuinely want to see all tests halted.

There are critics of a ban who claim that the Soviets have made no concessions and shown no real interest in any enforceable treaty. It is true that neither side has yet made any firm concessions, for nothing is firm until the final treaty has been signed. Yet in the negotiations, both sides have departed significantly from their original stands. Up until the U-2 fiasco, it appeared as though the hesitant steps in Geneva toward common ground might lead to the signing of an agreement during the Eisenhower Administration, though that hope is now almost dead. Nevertheless, Soviet negotiators since then, and after a half year of indecision on this point, have come around to naming a definite number of permissible on-site inspections, but that number has clearly been too low. Very recently, the American and British negotiators met the Soviet position half way on the question of the duration of a small-test moratorium, while control posts are being installed to guard against bigger underground tests.

Since the advantages of getting a monitoring network of at least 20 seismic stations installed soon in the USSR are so great (as a step toward worldwide weapons development control), and the risk inherent in the possibility of evasion of the small-test moratorium is so small in comparison with the risks of the nuclear arms race, the US could very reasonably go the whole way in acceding to the Soviet demand for a four-year moratorium on small tests – *if* we could obtain in exchange an agreement on their part to come all the way on the number of control posts and on-site inspections. This is but one example of possible accommodations.

Five months is a short time in which to expect a new Administration that takes over in January to wrap up the negotiations and get all the i's dotted on a treaty, though it is encouraging that a man as well informed as Senator Humphrey thinks it might be done. In that brief period the new President would have to resolve the arguments of opposing government agencies and set forth a definite directive; the negotiators would have to secure a favorable Soviet response to our new attitude and work through a great deal of procedural detail; and only then would a treaty to cease testing again emerge as a practical possibility.

Of the two Presidential candidates, only Senator Kennedy has expressed an opinion on the advisability of resuming tests on an announced date. He has said he prefers to set no time limit on the moratorium so long as negotiations are proceeding in good faith. It is a wise decision, for it does not foreclose the possibility that a new President and a new US initiative following the election may push the negotiations to a satisfactory conclusion.

Jenkinson's Law

Circumstantiating Jenkinson's Law ("everybody's crazy"), the executive secretary of the National Sunday School Association last week attacked the Roman Catholic Church as "a religious system almost as intent on political power as it is concerned with religious leadership." And the assembled 4,000 representatives of 92 Protestant denominations, having applauded, adopted a resolution calling for greater participation of Christians in government.

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Mr. Wadsworth's Folly

The Rev. Mr. Burchard's crack about "rum, Romanism and Rebellion" in 1884 is usually accounted the most addle-pated utterance in the history of American politics, but the Hon. James Wadsworth's intimation to reporters that the US might not be willing to sit down at the same table in the UN with the Chinese Communists runs it a close second.

Burchard was supposed to be supporting Blaine, and politicians later asserted that Blaine, like the Philistines before Samson, was defeated by the jawbone of an ass. Wadsworth is supposed to be supporting Nixon, and if the American people realize the full implications of what he said, it is not hard to believe that Nixon may suffer a comparable disaster.

The circumstances to which Wadsworth alluded involved the admission to the UN of Red China, but that is an irrelevant detail. For the United States voluntarily to quit the United Nations under any circumstances would be an acknowledgment of defeat and a surrender to totalitarianism. The only way in which we can emerge from that organization with some shreds of honor is to be thrown out by superior numbers.

Then for the representative of the United States to make a public statement implying that he entertains the possibility of any other course is a diplomatic blunder of such proportions that there are no words in which to characterize it. It yields the chief aim of Woodrow Wilson and the chief accomplishment of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The United States is committed to the ideal of the elimination of war by joint agreement of reasonable men in all countries, and the United Nations is its deliberately chosen instrument to effect that purpose. To withdraw from the UN would therefore be tantamount to an admission that our own instrument has been wrested from our hands. That would be defeat, irretrievable defeat; and Mr. Wadsworth talks of it as a possibility!

A minor, yet stinging blow that Mr. Wadsworth's folly has inflicted upon us is the surrender of one trick in the game to the objectionable Khrushchev. The Muscovite has been bawling from the housetops an allegation that the headquarters of the UN ought to be removed from American soil. There were some theoretical arguments to support his position from the start; but all the theories are insignificant by comparison with the stark fact that the American representative intimates that the United States' loyalty to the United Nations is qualified. To keep the headquarters of a world organization on the soil of a nation of uncertain loyalty, would be insensate folly. So Mr. Khrushchev takes the trick.

The damage is done, and it cannot be entirely undone. The most prompt and vigorous repudiation of Wadsworth's views by the President cannot alter the fact he was the President's choice for that important post. Even the election of Kennedy would not entirely eliminate suspicion that there are powerful forces at work in Washington to destroy the United Nations; and delegates from other countries, especially the new and suspicious countries of Africa, must hereafter feel themselves in a questionable, if not definitely hostile environment when they arrive at New York.

To assume that Mr. Wadsworth foresaw the effect of his utterance in shattering confidence in the good faith of the US would be to accuse him of moral treason, and no such dreadful accusation can be justified. He did not foresee it. He is, to quote a phrase given prominence a few years ago, just "too damn dumb" to be a proper representative of the United States in delicate negotiations with foreign countries. But he was the choice of the Administration, so the responsibility rests at last in Washington.

The incident is simply another in a long train of incidents bearing out a prophecy made in this place nearly seven years ago, namely, that time would show the weakness of current leadership as something other than outbreaking wickedness. It is simply that, as Jim Watson said of Harding, it "lacks mentality."

The support of Chiang and Batista, the progressive alienation of Britain and France, the conduct – vividly illustrated by the U-2 affair – that has given Khrushchev ammunition for his attacks on us, the fumbling domestic policies that have brought upon us the third business recession in eight years, were none of them due to a perverse affection for murderous dictators and financial buccaneers, but simply to that fact that nobody in Washington could think of anything better to do. The serious trouble in which these policies have involved us, and the more serious trouble that they threaten, reinforce a very old warning, to wit, "Where there is no vision the people perish."

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Osborn Views The Campaign

James Reston reports that NIXon is telling the American public that everything is APPROXIMATELY fine!

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THE BIGGEST THING SINCE THE FIRE IN '58

Jolly, Jolly Nixon

Mt. Clemens, Michigan

A man on the speaker's platform tells us how to tap our fingernails on a metal pie plate. They are the type of pie plate which holds the frozen pies and the bakery-bought pies, thin, shiny, throwaway plates. They reflect sunlight. It is a humid, cloudy day but we are told to hold our pie plates up so they will gleam.

We are going to give Pat an oil painting of her husband, handpainted on black velvet. The black velvet shows through the face as a heavy beard.

Now hold the pie plate high and altogether now scratch. Good-natured folks smile and hold up their plates. Nixon girls in blue skirts, white blouses, black pumps, and blue beanies with giant Nixon buttons like miners' lamps, wear banners over their undeveloped chests: "I'm for Nixon."

On the back of the pie plates, patient, kind people have handlettered, "Dick is My Dish." I refuse a Nixon button because I have three already. A little child wants a Nixon girl to pin a button on the back of her coat collar. A band is coming down the main street. The director of operations is teaching us the Nixon song.

Here comes Nixon, our man Nixon,
We want Nixon to be our President.
So merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, a hundred million strong.

It goes to the tune of *I've Got Six Pence:*

Jolly, jolly Nixon,
We want Nixon to last us all our life.

The campaign man sings it through for us. And now ladies and gentlemen, I give you the Mt. Clemens, Michigan, High School Band. Recorded music plays *Won't You Come Home Bill Bailey?*

The man on the platform tells us to put our right hand around our neighbor, but no one will touch his neighbor. We sing *Let Me Call You Sweetheart.* Now let us sing our song again, *Our Man Nixon.* To this is added a catchy ending which goes to the tune of *Winston Tastes Good Like a Cigarette Should.* We all must practice singing *Nixon Looks Good Like a President Should.* The high school band tootles this tune.

The man in charge interrupts a recording of *Pretty Baby* to tell us that Nixon's plane has landed at the nearby airfield. He is right on schedule. There is a count down. Ten minutes until Nixon arrives. Eight minutes until Nixon arrives.

Now a lady is on the platform addressing herself to the high school students in the crowd. All you kids know the football cheer Hooray for Nixon, Hooray for Nixon. Someone in the crowd is yelling Hooray for Nixon, 1-2-3-4 Who Are You For? Nixon, Nixon, yeah! All of you Port Huron High School kids, all of you Mount Clemens High School kids, come on I know you know it. Shout it out.

Hooray For Nixon
Hooray For Nixon

The band backs up the screaming young people.

1-2-3-4 who ya gonna vote for? Nixon, Nixon, Nixon, Yeah! The stores have been closed, the schools have been closed. We are all out to welcome the Vice President. The young people learn about government this way. The high school youngsters sing *Nixon Tastes Good Like a Cigarette Should.*

We rest and the recorded music soothes us with a waltz . . .

Dream, Dream, Dream.

A child walks in front of the speaker's platform with his sign: I'm for McIntosh.

A little frozen pie plate, the 25 cent tuna pie kind, is so small that there is only room to say "Hi Dick" on its bottom. The crowd has stood for so long that the cement is pressing up into its feet. The man up front tells us we are an enthusiastic crowd. A well-to-do woman has a silver elephant to clasp a white satin Nixon ribbon to her bosom. The Vice President is on his way, a grateful sigh from the people. There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight. We must use this little time left before his arrival to practice our song. A frozen food dinner plate has "Welcome" written on the large area that is for meat and "Pat" and "Dick" on the smaller vegetable compartments. Children are beginning to play with the pie plates. An old man in back of me stares sightlessly at his "Pat" and "Dick" lettered in the bottom of a tin dish.

We are told to be especially quiet when the Vice President speaks to us because the microphones will not go up any higher. A louder voice will result in distortion. We are told to show the pie plate when the Vice President arrives. And join in the singing. For the benefit of the latecomers, the handpainted portrait of Dick sways above the crowd. The greenish-blue face rises up over our heads. The warm flesh tones have blended with the black background velvet and picked up a purple-blue cast. There is wild applause. The artist is taking a bow.

This is the first time that a Vice President has ever visited Mt. Clemens. We are all very proud. We can

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expect Mr. Nixon in five minutes. There are signs which tell us that the respectable people are for Nixon.

Lawyers for Nixon, Clergy for Nixon

Put your right hand around your neighbor. Go ahead, he is the same color as you. Up on the platform a distinguished guest places his hand on the shoulder of the lone Negro. Brotherhood at last. Someone says that she is hungry. The high school students are shouting out their football cheer. The singing is feeble but a few determined old folks rasp out, We Want Nixon, Jolly, Jolly Nixon.

Four minutes to go.

A police siren screams somewhere.

Fingernails begin to scratch the pie plates, the band blares.

He has arrived.

The man on the platform loses control of himself. He bangs his fist into his pie plates. He is yelling at the top of his voice to us, the audience, Get those pie plates up.

Mr. Nixon starts to talk to us about Jack McIntosh, reelect Jack to Congress. Father Kelly talks to Pat. The Catholic priest has been seated beside Pat. Mrs. Nixon is pale, drawn, bad weather on the flight from Scranton; there will be more bad weather on the flight to Flint. Mr. Nixon is wearing a gray suit, a pale blue TV shirt, a cerulean tie. His complexion looks pink. He is better looking than those awful pictures which show him pasty faced and heavy browed. He acts like a young man trying to be nice.

Elect Bagwell, Bentley and McIntosh. In these critical times, we need the best men to protect America. Mr. Nixon shakes hands with the platform guests. Everyone is the same to him. And notice how Pat is sitting. Her skirt is cut nice, it has room enough in its folds to cover her knees.

It surprised me that Mr. Nixon put such feeling, such effort into his speech here at Mt. Clemens. Don't think about personality, about party label, think of our nation's needs. America first. Good jobs – high wages – good schools – better health – hospitals – roads – – bridges – a better life for our children than we have had – progress – leadership in the years ahead – and more important jobs – education – health – progress – and to be around to enjoy it all – no war. Which of us can keep the peace? Kennedy or me? As though on cue, the pie plates rise into the air and fingernails scratch on tin. We cheer.

A high school girl is white with faintness and is lowered into a folding chair.

A pie plate falls on my foot.

Mrs. Nixon is admiring the portrait of her husband, accepting roses, being polite to us here in Mt. Clemens.

The lady sitting next to me tells me again that Mr. Nixon is such a friendly fellow. He is shaking our hands, giving out his cards. We push around him. We don't want it to be over. This is the most excitement we have had since the big fire two years ago. The village idiot follows the dispersing crowd. He tells us that he has Nixon buttons to give away. But we prefer to pay 50 cents for our campaign buttons.

Nora Magruder

DO WE WANT TO COMMUNICATE OR HAVE A PUBLIC ROW?

Diplomacy vs. Summiteering

Among our allies, among the so-called neutrals, and among ourselves, a surprising number of usually intelligent persons are assuming that the prime objective of statesmanship must be to bring about a Summit conference next spring. It is plain from their behavior that they have fallen into the habit of regarding such a conference as an end in itself – like marriage in the last chapter of a romantic novel.

It is hard to argue against a tacit assumption, precisely because it is tacit. It offers no target, no explicit reason to which exception might be taken.

The idea of a Summit conference appears, however, to be mixed up with what is essentially an opposed idea, the idea that diplomatic communication between East and West, which was broken off at last May's Summit in Paris, must be resumed – that diplomatic contact must be re-established.

None of us outsiders can know for sure whether diplomatic communication ever had been established, or whether, if so, it has in fact been broken off. The State Department, quite properly, does not publish a daily bulletin of diplomatic secrets. Nevertheless, one may feel reasonably sure that no regular exchanges are taking place between East and West, that diplomatic

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"Hey – Don't Get Too Far Ahead"

communication is inadequate to the point of being virtually nonexistent. If so, this is a situation which should be remedied as quickly as possible.

Presumably, the diplomatic contact to be established has to be continuous. Otherwise, it would not be *established*. Arrangements must be maintained whereby the two sides can have regular and private communication with each other.

Is this shocking or immoral, that enemies should remain in confidential communication with each other?

On the contrary, it is essential if their conflict is to be kept within bounds, if miscalculations or accidents are to be forestalled. Such communication was considered a normal feature of diplomacy before the 20th Century, and it played an indispensable part in keeping conflicts from getting out of all control. During the Napoleonic Wars, the governments of France and England, although their armies were actually fighting each other, still received each other's diplomatic agents and, through them, spoke confidentially to each other.

Even in our century, when direct diplomatic communication between enemies has been broken off completely, they have remained in limited touch through third parties. During World War II we communicated with the Nazis through the Swiss on such matters as exchange of prisoners. In 1950, Communist China informed us, through the Indian ambassador in Peking, that it would feel obliged to enter the Korean War if our troops continued their advance toward its borders. Had our country been cool and in command of itself at the time it would have heeded this warning. Unfortunately, it was neither.

The maintenance of constant diplomatic contact is essential to prevent miscalculations and accidents. In the case of relations between Washington and Moscow, it is essential to prevent the East-West conflict from blowing up into a nuclear storm.

How does one provide for such contact?

Fortunately, we and the Soviets still maintain diplomatic establishments in each other's capitals. There is nothing to prevent the American ambassador in Moscow, acting on instructions, from having a private visit with the Soviet foreign minister at which he advances some such proposition as the following.

Accepting the fact that the two sides are enemies and that their conflict will continue, there is reason to believe that they do share one piece of common ground. Both have the objective of avoiding a nuclear holocaust set off by accident or miscalculation. In 1950, the Korean War was brought about because Moscow miscalculated the reaction of Washington. That war then was expanded because Washington, in turn, miscalculated the reaction of Peking.

To reduce the danger of such miscalculations (the American ambassador might say), Washington deems it essential that there should be maintained channels of confidential contact, and use made of them for regular exchanges of views. In such exchanges, each side would make clear what its problems were, the sensitive points at which it might be forced to resort to desperate expedients if probed too hard, etc.

It takes two to establish communication. If the Soviets reacted negatively to his approach, the ambassador would simply have to point out that, in the absence of such contact as he had suggested, the United States would feel itself more impelled than ever to take extreme precautions against such dangers as that of surprise attack. The risk of nuclear holocaust, which both sides presumably wished to minimize, would be that much the greater.

This is one of many ways in which effective diplomatic contact might be established. But – what has a Summit conference got to do with this kind of thing?

A Summit conference is a gladiatorial combat held in the public arena between the respective summiteers. It cannot represent the establishment of diplomatic contact, if only because it is all over in a few days. And it is not a consummation in itself. When the wreckage is cleared away, it is bound to transpire that we are not all living happily ever after.

A good many of us have hypnotized ourselves into believing that a Summit conference represents a re-establishment of diplomatic contact or that it is an end in itself. We may be sure, however, that for our Soviet opponent it is simply a means of feeding the Christians to the lions.

LOUIS J. HALLE

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A Protestant for President?

by Frank Getlein

The single basic question not so far raised in the Presidential election campaign of 1960 is the one printed above. That this question has not been raised is a compelling argument that it should be. Magazines, newspapers and broadcasters not only decide what shall be discussed in their pages or on their time; they also decide what shall not be there discussed. The unanimity of the American press in excluding discussion of the suitability of a Protestant for the Presidency is a revealing indication of Protestant power.

Anyone raising such a root question is under obligation imposed by literary convention and by common courtesy to make certain disclaimers. Let us get these out of the way at once. There is no intent, in what follows, to impugn the loyalty of the thousands, even millions, of American Protestant church-goers who have never wavered in their devotion to the Constitution. The author is proud to number among his own friends many such American Protestants. Nor am I concerned here with the *confessional* influence of the clergy (what, for example, the Rev. Edward Elson says privately to President Eisenhower after church services on Sunday). Nor is the problem of Protestant power and our freedoms co-extensive with the Protestant clergy. There are Protestant clergymen who are also good Americans. Reinhold Niebuhr is an outstanding example. Still, one is bound in conscience to ask: How many Reinhold Niebuhrs has American Protestantism produced? We hardly need a parsonage poll to tell us whether the more widely held ideal is Niebuhr or, say, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, a figure of sinister cheer to whom we shall have occasion to return.

A century and a half ago the question here raised would have been meaningless. If asked, Should a Protestant be President?, the average American of those days would have asked in turn, Who else? Except for a handful of unenfranchised Indians, there was nobody else. But while the Protestants were dwindling the Indians in the West, the Eastern frontier – taken for granted – was soon to be taken too by wave after wave of non-Protestants from Europe. In our own time, these have been augmented by large numbers of backsliding Protestants who have become agnostics, atheists, Ethical Culturists, Unitarians and Zen Buddhists. Indeed, it is sometimes asked, by non-Protestants, whether Protestants are still the majority in the United States.

The history of Protestantism gives little comfort to believers in the American tradition of the separation of church and state. German Lutheranism came into existence in intimate collaboration with the state, particularly the state of Saxony. There is little point in recollecting the bawdy circumstances which led Henry VIII to create the Church of England as an instrument of the Crown. It will be recalled that Calvin exercised dictatorial powers in the city of Geneva, and that the spirit of his system was transferred to Scotland and later to New England. In almost every instance, the birth and growth of varieties of Protestantism were accompanied by violent persecution of non-Protestants (there is a chilling significance in the popularity of such a hymn as *Onward, Christian Soldiers*). I have heard it argued that all these distressing events took place long ago and far away, that it was the spirit of the times or the geography of Europe that produced them, and not the Protestant ethic. At any rate, it is said, American Protestantism is not the same as Protestantism elsewhere, that it has learned well the lessons taught by American Deism about church-state separation and has no desire to return to the old days of the Prussian-Lutheran alliance or of Connecticut suffrage limited to adult, male Congregationalists.

It may be so; but can we be sure it will remain so should Protestants again become the overwhelming majority? A look at the record casts doubt.

In almost every state of the union the citizen's freedom of action is encroached upon by state legislators who assume their own infallibility as moral teachers. The citizen who wishes to gamble, for example, often finds that this harmless pastime is illegal, or is permitted only to those rich enough to take a day off from earning a living and go out to the track. A citizen who wishes to drink in a public place finds his liberty curtailed. A citizen who wishes to buy or sell on Sunday finds that to do so is a felony. And all of this harassment came into being – and is maintained – because of the belief that the proper function of the state is to enforce a Protestant ethic upon everyone – Protestant or not. The most outrageous example of the ecclesiastical manipulation of political power is, of course, the anti-birth control legislation in Connecticut and Massachusetts, placed upon the books years ago by Protestants. The most disastrous example was the 18th Amendment, from which the country has not yet recovered and which was repealed only through the diligent efforts of Deists and other Americans united.

We would be guilty of prejudice, however, were we

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to assume that every Protestant candidate for public office is formed by the historic habits of his faith or automatically responsive to pressures from his church. Thus, the question is not properly, Should a Protestant be President? but, rather, Which Protestant?

The chief Protestant before the country at the moment is Mr. Nixon, a Quaker. Now, to be fair, Mr. Nixon, without actually repudiating Quaker pacifism, has given assurances, accepted as satisfactory by prominent Protestant divines, that he will never attempt to transform the Army into one vast Medical Corps. Nor, if one is to be realistic, could he: the opinion of the Christian Scientists has to be considered, too – an interesting but unique example of the country's benefiting from the pluralism of Protestantism. Even so, the case is not closed. As well known as Quaker pacifism is the Quaker ritual of the silent prayer meeting, at which the members invoke the coming of the Holy Spirit. Can we be certain that a Quaker in the White House will be able to resist the bidding of that Spirit?

There are those who imagine that the passing of the old-time Protestant preacher of fire and brimstone or the demise of William Jennings Bryan and that monkey-business brought an end to Protestant influence on government. On the contrary, Billy Sunday has been replaced by the cheer leader, who tells his congregation that everything will be OK if one thinks happy thoughts. The best-known exponent of this new Protestantism is Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, who sums up the doctrine in his *summa theologica, The Power of Positive Thinking*. It is not my purpose to engage in partisan political comment, but it is noteworthy that almost every critic of the Eisenhower Administration has centered his criticism on the President's profound belief in just such a power, as opposed to the traditional and complex devices of secular statecraft. If there have been flaws in Mr. Eisenhower's conduct of the nation's affairs – and none of us is perfect – may they not be ascribed to the insidious effects of Pealeism?

The Protestant threat, however, transcends the purely political, as we may see from the divisive effects upon our democracy of the Protestant system of separate schools. From these expensive secondary schools, concentrated chiefly in New England, goes annually the small but dominant element in the Ivy League colleges and universities – themselves Protestant in origin – and from those colleges and universities go the recruits for the ruling class in American business and industry. Those secondary schools were Protestant in the beginning and are so maintained to this day. They are tax exempt, as are the heavy contributions to them from wealthy alumni; they are thus supported by all of us, yet they are fortresses of privilege, bastions of the most anti-democratic form of segregation, the segregation of the rich from the poor.

Little is written of the power structure of American Protestantism. At the bottom of the hierarchy may be found the local complex of forces – Baptist-haberdasher-gas station owner-Chamber of Commerce; at the top the complex is Episcopalian-Dutchess County-steelmaster - National Association of Manufacturers, and the power represented here is tremendous. Between these two extremes may be placed, with some regional variation, all the forms of American Protestantism, each linked to the control center of economic and political power on a scale ranging from a contract for resurfacing a county road to a contract for placing American arms on the moon. Each level in the hierarchy communicates more or less freely with the one below and the one above. All power flows upward to the Episcopalians, who are so firmly entrenched they can afford – as the Baptists at the bottom cannot – to enrich their lives with works of art largely non-Protestant in inspiration and to enrich their churches with a liturgy largely Roman Catholic.

If this were all there were to the power structure of American Protestantism, it would be reason enough for concern, but it is not all. The dominant Episcopalians are actually a branch of the Church of England, in a way that is very dimly understood by most Americans and not understood at all by the English. Yet the connection is there and the head of the Church of England is Queen Elizabeth II, the head of the British state. The Episcopalian dominance in America explains, for example, why this country has always extended diplomatic recognition to the head of the Church of England. That recognition is nothing for non-Protestants to cavil at; what our representatives to the Court of St. James pick up in the line of foreign intelligence easily outweighs the small breach in the Wall of Separation created by our recognition. Still, one lesson is clear from the last few hundred years of English history, it is that monarchy is on the way out. First the squire, then the businessmen, finally the whole nation have seized privileges formerly belonging to royalty alone. Step by step the monarch has retreated from absolute power to the status of decorative figurehead, a symbol of national unity and a rallying point for improvers of the breed in horse-racing. There is only one step left and that is out of England entirely; when that step is taken, or prudently anticipated, where may we expect the Royal head of the Episcopalian Church to step to? Where else? And when that happens, the whole, glorious American Revolution will have been for nothing; we will be back where we started, kneeling to a descendant of George III. If I seem to exaggerate, let us recollect Queen Elizabeth's visit last year to Chicago, of all places, where once a man could be elected on the promise to punch King George in the nose if the monarch showed up in Chicago. There was none of that traditional American response to royalty for Elizabeth. The softening up process has begun.

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Replying to Castro's Admirers

by George Sherman

Samuel Shapiro's "frankly pro-Castro" analysis ("Cuba – A Dissenting Report,") in *The New Republic* of September 12 does not even consider the possibility that anyone can honestly accept the Cuban Revolution and the concomitant uprooting of American interests, and still be opposed to Fidel Castro's methods. That is the "anti-Castro" case I should like to put here.

Prior to last summer I had no personal contact with Cuba and few feelings one way or the other about Fidel Castro. My journalism had been confined to Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. When I was sent to Cuba twice in two months, it was to report what is happening now, not the injustice of 2, 5, or even 50 years ago.

I came away from Cuba profoundly disturbed, not so much by the anti-Americanism, but by the growth of totalitarian organization and control under the guise of anti-Americanism.

Mr. Shapiro makes a strong case for the anti-Americanism, and I do not dispute it. The large American vested interests committed grievous sins and deserved to be chastised. Their domination over the island was callous and humiliating to Cubans. Our government's support of the Batista tyranny – where that support existed – was deplorable. Washington also made several of the mistakes in its first dealings with the victorious Dr. Castro. But I emphatically disagree with Mr. Shapiro as Daniel Friedenberg did two weeks ago in *The New Republic*, that these abuses of the past excuse the abuses of the present.

Fidel Castro has made himself the high priest and sole interpreter of the Cuban Revolution. To be "pro-Castro" is to be "pro-revolution" and vice versa. The opposite axiom is also enforced: Opposition, any opposition, is "anti-Castro" and therefore, "counter-revolution." And a weird extension of both axioms makes anti-Communism "counter-revolutionary," because the Communists are "pro-Castro" and "for" the revolution.

Once one agrees to the Castro monopoly of truth – as Mr. Shapiro seems inclined to – one must accept its inconsistencies. For instance, one notes – as Mr. Shapiro has – the "remarkable five-hour summation" of political and social reform which Dr. Castro made at his secret trial in 1953, but fails to note that its eloquent defense of democratic norms has become one of the chief embarrassments of his present regime. One dismisses – as Mr. Shapiro has – the growing authoritarianism of the system and the violation of Dr. Castro's later promises (in a *Coronet* interview of February, 1958) of "free and untrammelled freedom of public information" and "truly honest elections," because all revolutions have an "inherent tendency" to drift to extremes. But is Dr. Castro like a helpless cork bobbing along on the flood tide of a revolution he claims to represent and direct.

The rationalization for failure to hold free elections is even more difficult. At one point, Mr. Shapiro writes: ". . . let us be frank; there *is* no great demand for elections in Cuba today." How does he know? Why, by his spot-checks among taxi-drivers in Havana and others, claims of the government, and "public opinion" polls. But evidently these are not enough for Mr. Shapiro, for several paragraphs earlier he admits: "In the absence of elections or a free press (the government has all but absolute control of the mass media), an accurate assessment of popular sentiment in Cuba today is hard to arrive at, and the situation is changing so rapidly that what is true one month may not be true the next."

Mr. Shapiro's use of "public opinion" polls reminds me of the ludicrous statement a spokesman of the Press Department of the Cuban Foreign Ministry gave me in Havana: "Fidel has ordered periodic public opinion polls taken and has said when his support dips below 50 percent he will resign."

Cuban friends laughed humorlessly out of the sides of their mouths when I repeated this pledge. Who can trust government public opinion polls, they say, when secret police agents infiltrate every social organization in the island, when the courts have lost their independence, and when the jails are once again filled with political prisoners denied public trial?

Incidentally, Mr. Shapiro is noticeably silent about these aspects of the developing police state. He restricts himself to saying no "political executions" have taken place this year. For that, we have only the word of the government, just as we have no word about the number of political arrests they have made.

I admit that skeptics of the system are probably in the minority. But that is not the point. They have no chance to propagate their ideas, to organize. They are not allowed to compete with those mass meetings Mr. Shapiro uses as more evidence of the regime's support. It may be true that "each of them is attended by far

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GEORGE SHERMAN, *a Washington correspondent of the* London Observer, *spent four weeks in Cuba this past July and August.*

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more people than ever voted for any president in the history of the Cuban republic," but I found their mass hysteria and demagogy horribly reminiscent of Hitler's and Mussolini's manipulation of their mobs in the '30's.

The Castro justification for the unfree press is equally spurious. Let us admit all the past abuses: the Batista censorship, the government subsidies, the editorial tameness against the Batista tyranny, the surplus of newspapers in Havana. The revolution was supposed to do away with these distortions, not copy them. Does Mr. Shapiro seriously contend that Havana cannot support one, two or three independent newspapers – and not necessarily those held over from the Batista era? Is he claiming that imported American publications, which are alien, expensive and in a foreign language, successfully fill the gap for inquisitive Cubans?

I have talked with Cubans (admittedly not the "illiterate *campesinos*" Mr. Shapiro met) who are bored to death with Dr. Castro's weekly televised "lectures" to panels of uncritical journalists. They also bother no longer with the *fidelista* press.

One evening in the main hotel at Santiago de Cuba – birthplace of the Castro movement – one person only sat in the lobby watching Dr. Castro's performance on television. Several hours earlier the same lobby was crowded with people watching a national boxing match. I do not claim this reaction is symptomatic of a general condition, but by the same token Mr. Shapiro cannot definitely *know* otherwise. The present Cuban system of controls leaves us both guessing at the truth.

Mr. Shapiro has also been unfair to the budding opposition. Supporters of Dr. Castro both inside and outside Cuba show a disturbing tendency to prove the purity of their hero by degrading his opposition. Without prejudging either the strength of this opposition or its chances of success, I would like to correct several of Mr. Shapiro's distortions of it.

To be sure, a goodly number of exiles are former Batista officers and officials, and they should be regarded with the suspicion Mr. Shapiro suggests. But he also suggests they are "foremost" among the exiles in Miami and around the Caribbean. Foremost in what? – numbers, influence, or potential power? He does not say. He also fails even to mention such exiled liberals as Aureliano Sanchez Arango, a law professor and former Secretary of Education, who now heads a democratic opposition group in exile.

Mr. Shapiro never really explains the continuing defection of these respected democrats. He asks the question "why" and never answers it. In one sentence he cites the loss of José Miró Cardona – the regime's first premier; Angel Quevedo, editor of the popular magazine *Bohemia;* and Major Raúl Chibas, one of Fidel Castro's closest lieutenants in the Sierra Maestra. But in the next sentence he cleverly switches to the self-seekers who "preceded or followed them, getting out while the getting was still good, with what property they still had, all giving as their reason the regime's Communist sympathies and its growing authoritarianism." The implication is clear: Guilt by association. The dissident leaders are never mentioned again.

Cuba Yes, Castro No

He believes that economic self-interest is the major reason for the general alienation of the "important social group" of middle- and upper-class Cubans, from the revolution. They wanted a "middle-class parliamentary democracy," he says, but turned against Dr. Castro when he unleashed a social revolution against their economic interests. To prove how this "class" has reacted, Mr. Shapiro reproduces the petty remarks of one expropriated small landowner, and the acquiescence in the new scheme of things by another.

To balance the record, let me say I talked to several disgruntled small businessmen and former small landowners whose concern for their country stretches beyond their own economic interests. Like Mr. Shapiro's bitter ex-owner of 480 acres, they were once supporters of Dr. Castro, and "wanted a real agrarian reform, where they would pay for the land – a legal reform." But unlike Mr. Shapiro's informant these people do not blame the revolution on Dr. Castro's illegitimacy, or to plead for "deliverance" by the US Marines. Far from it. They were and still are as nationalistic as Dr. Castro; they believe in Cuba for the Cubans; but they also believe in a return to the democratic order Fidel Castro once promised them and now spurns.

The men and motives Mr. Shapiro describes undoubtedly do exist. But those I have described also exist. More often than not the motives of any one man for opposing or supporting the regime are mixed. But the pro-Castro argument can never really admit that possibility, for it raises "revolution" and "counter-revolution" from the class level of "have-nots" *vs.* "haves" to the level of individual justice *vs.* injustice.

Mr. Shapiro has gone to great lengths to show what distorted information the American public receives about Cuba and how misguided American policy has been. His examples carry much weight. But they are not always accurate. Take Mr. Khrushchev's rocket threat. According to Mr. Shapiro: "Khrushchev rattled his rockets in response to our implied threat to invade Cuba." Yet a page later he quotes President Eisenhower's statement "shortly after" he cut the sugar quota: "The mere fact that someone that might believe in a different form of government than I do and establish it themselves freely, then I don't see how the United States could properly object or intervene." Luckily the meaning is clearer than the syntax.

I was in Havana when Mr. Khrushchev made his threat. He was reacting solely to the "invasion threat"

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which the Cuban Government claimed to see in the cutting of the sugar quota. To my knowledge, no member of the American Government responsible for policy toward Cuba – that is, the President or State Department – threatened then or later to invade Cuba. Mr. Shapiro should recognize, at least, what the Cuban Government refuses to recognize: That wild accusations by Senators Eastland and Ellender and distorted press reports – where they exist – do not dictate American policy in Cuba.

At the outset I said that the President and State Department have made some gross errors of judgment in Cuba. After being in Cuba, I also believe that some of the "evil" also lies in the eye of the Cuban beholders. They *need* the distorted American image, not only for their own "anti-imperialist" struggle at home, but also for their larger revolutionary aims in Latin America. If Senators like Ellender and Eastland, inaccurate columnists like Dorothy Kilgallen, and biased newspapers like the *Miami Herald*, did not exist, the *fidelistas* would have to invent them.

Certainly this need is the greatest argument for American restraint and sobriety about Cuba. But it is also an argument for careful and critical sifting of Cuban charges against the United States. For instance, I think Mr. Shapiro is unfair to indict ex-Ambassadors Gardner and Smith (indictments well justified in themselves), without once mentioning the patient but so far fruitless efforts of the present Ambassador, Philip Bonsal, to effect a *modus vivendi* with the Castro Government.

What Has Land Reform Meant?

Mr. Shapiro's description of the land reform program also calls for a few comments. Nine out of 10 people I met in Cuba – including diplomats and residents – support land reform. They also think the letter of the Agrarian Reform Law is generous. But the critics part company with Dr. Castro over the arbitrary way his National Institute for Agrarian Reform (INRA) has applied the land reform law.

Mr. Shapiro notes that expropriation "has not always been in accordance with the letter of the law." But he dismisses the individual victims who have received no compensation and lost land below the legal limit as "comparatively unimportant" in the larger picture of larger corporations and landholders who got what they deserved. He seems to believe that this illegality toward one and all, this "amiable" and "informal" confiscation by INRA wherever and whenever it pleases, is a passing phenomenon. Others say it is the touchstone of developing tyranny. For myself, it is the same fatuous argument I heard *ad nauseum* in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union: That you can build some larger social justice on individual injustice.

But leaving aside the ethical question, who actually *owns* the confiscated land now? Mr. Shapiro was more successful than I in prying the statistics – or percentages – out of the Publicity Department of INRA. He says "about 40 percent" of Cuban farmland is still in the hands of original owners, and "about a quarter of the land" is being turned over to landless peasants in lots up to 66 acres. I take it that means 35 percent of the land goes into cooperatives.

For two hours one afternoon in August I sat in the INRA Publicity Department trying to get a more precise breakdown. The Director said he could give me none; statistics had not been correlated yet. Finally he dismissed the subject with the words: "Everything is changing so rapidly that statistics of yesterday may not be true today, and certainly will not be true tomorrow."

Local INRA officials in Las Villas and Oriente Provinces were more helpful. The INRA production manager for Oriente said that 60 percent of all confiscated land had been turned into cooperatives; the other 40 percent was used for pasture land on the new INRA cattle ranches. In Santa Clara, the INRA spokesman said 80 percent of all farmland in Las Villas Province had been confiscated, and "almost all" had been turned into cooperatives.

I understand the degree of "private" agriculture varies from province to province; I cite Las Villas and Oriente only to show that the individual farm-titles Mr. Shapiro claims for Matanzas Province are not necessarily representative of all Cuba.

Mr. Shapiro will agree, I think, that the land reform has concentrated on a "social solution" for the countryside. He calls it the "heart of the revolution" and "essentially Marxist." He says that INRA retains control over the land "turned over" to peasant proprietors. And every INRA official I met confirmed that the overriding aim of the State at the moment is to establish the preeminence of the "cooperative" type of farm in the countryside.

I have no ideological block against cooperatives. They are often a practical alternative for the poverty-striken smallholder who cannot compete with the trend toward massive agriculture. But the term "cooperative" is a misnomer applied to the units developing in the Cuban countryside. They resemble far more the State farm (*Sovkhoz*) of the Soviet Union.

The peasant has no choice, and no control over the land once he joins. The "cooperatives" I visited at random – a rice cooperative outside Bayamo in Oriente Province and a sugar centrale at Purio in Las Villas Province – exhibited all the paternalism of pure and benevolent feudalism. The first had formerly been an unproductive cattle ranch; the second, a Batista-owned sugar plantation and mill. The material lot of the landless peasant in each did look improved, as Mr. Shapiro also recounts. It is the one powerful justification I can

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think of for the system. But the peasant can also be excused for thinking he has simply changed bosses, no matter how benevolent the new one claims to be. He has not received the land he was promised.

The managers and secretariat on each cooperative are appointed by INRA and responsible solely to INRA. The INRA office sends out directives about collective cultivation, what the crop shall be, when it shall be planted and harvested. It markets the result. The members of the "cooperative" do the work, get paid every two weeks, share profits after debts to INRA are paid, but they have no voice in running the farm.

At Bayamo the "collective deed" for property resides with the manager. At Purio the former clerk in the company store has become its manager. He runs it along the same "credit" system as before, although the new State-owner has slashed prices drastically – as Mr. Shapiro says.

Mr. Shapiro writes that it will be "some years before it will be known whether this gamble pays off." Then he proceeds to prejudice that final answer. He says "it is already clear that production of many key crops has gone up substantially," and later – "the Cuban revolution has markedly increased agricultural production." I wish he had given some statistics to back up those bald statements, for I can assure him that critics of the regime hotly dispute them.

For instance, they claim the initial climb in meat production was due to INRA's wholesale slaughtering of herds. That has almost ruined the Cuban cattle industry, they say. They also point to irregular rice, poultry and meat supplies to the cities to prove that disaster is stalking Cuban agriculture.

Mr. Shapiro skips lightly over the "unorthodox" financing of the new rural economy. He notes that none of the cooperatives yet work at a profit, that they take loans from INRA. But he never says that a large part of these loans comes in new money directly off the printing presses of the Cuban National Bank.

According to existing statistics, since January 1, 1959 – when the Castro Government came into power – currency in circulation has increased from $483,500,000 to $750,786,000 as of last July 31. $213 million of the increase has come since last January 1. The government budget is expected to have a $400 million deficit this calendar year. All these figures add up to incipient inflation which threatens those very social gains which have become the government's *raison d'être*.

Castro Is No Nasser

One of Mr. Shapiro's main conclusions is that Dr. Castro follows a "leftist-nationalist-neutralist line" similar to Nasser's Egypt and Tito's Yugoslavia. This is too facile a comparison. Where President Nasser is concerned, it breaks down in one vital respect. While the Egyptian leader has skillfully played off the West against the East, he has not tolerated a Communist movement inside the United Arab Republic itself. He has organized a separate nationalist movement around himself.

Fidel Castro has not followed that course. For all his popularity among the masses, he has not built up his own political organization. He is not interested in the day-to-day affairs of politics or government. He has not bolstered his "26th of July" movement since taking power, and its power has waned steadily. Today it is nothing more than a ceremonial façade whose chief function is showing visiting foreigners the achievements of the revolution since it came to power.

Dr. Castro, unlike President Nasser, not only tolerates a native Communist movement; he also supports it. He has made opposition to it equivalent to opposition to himself.

He has even officiated over the establishment of a network of mass organizations – trade unions, student federations, workers and peasants civilian militia – which neatly fit into the Communist conception of social control. The line between a left-wing reformist nationalism and Communism has never been so blurred as it is today in Cuba.

Mr. Shapiro places the main blame for this state of affairs on American shoulders. One blunder after another, he argues, has sent Castro farther to the Left. But even if you agree with Mr. Shapiro, at some point you must ask two questions he never asks: Just what are Dr. Castro's values? Where does Castro stop reacting and start acting on his own?

Mr. Shapiro seems to consider Dr. Castro's regime a transitory affair which will give way either to the Communists or other reformers. Regarding the prospects of the Communist Party (PSP) he says: "Whether it will go on to seize the leadership of the Cuban revolution, or decline in the face of reform presided over by others will depend to a disconcerting extent upon the sophistication of US policy toward Cuba during the next months and years."

My conclusion deals less with American policy (for a rapprochement with Castro is no longer possible in my opinion) and more with Dr. Castro. Unfortunately for Cuba, he has steadily maneuvered himself (and been maneuvered) into a position where those "other reformers" feel they must throw him out as well as throwing out the Communists.

The battle – when it comes – will be decided in Cuba, and the Americans can best help by making certain that Castro's opponents are neither the agents, nor thought to be the agents, of the Americans. The democratic opposition with whom I spoke in Cuba thought that in the event of civil war, the main task of the United States – and it may be difficult – would be to block Soviet intervention on the side of Castro.

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An Adolescence in Slow Motion

by John Wain

I find Herbert Gold's new book easy to read, hard to write about. Praise already! We have enough books that are easier to write about than to read. *Therefore Be Bold* is the sort of book one reads on and on, absent-mindedly, as one might eat a whole boxful of candied fruit, coming with a sudden feeling of guilt to the last page and wondering where (to switch back to the simile) the boxful went to.

This makes the book sound rather trivial, but it is nothing of the sort. It is merely overcharged with verbal technique, so that the reader goes from sentence to sentence, enjoying the unexpectedness of the language, and not noting how the story is unfolding. Not that there is much in the way of action.

Therefore Be Bold
by Herbert Gold
(Dial; $3.95)

This is a growing-up book, and of course growing-up is enough of an action in itself; all the same, it takes a very poised writer to give us a book of 250 pages in which quite so few adventures happen. The hero is a Jewish adolescent in a Midwest town, and his daily life consists 98 percent of being an adolescent, one percent of being in the Midwest, and one percent of being Jewish, until the last few pages, when he is suddenly confronted by the anti-Semitism of the father of his girl-friend, and suddenly the one percent goes up to something like 95 and even when it recedes one knows it will never go back to being one again.

I suppose Mr. Gold, who is an extremely intelligent and canny writer, said to himself when planning the book that it would only spoil it if he gave the hero any adventures, because everything that happens in adolescence is an adventure or at any rate seems like one, and that this continuous sense of wonder could be conveyed better through language than through action. He was quite right, and yet it makes an odd book to read. Each sentence has to be handled carefully, and its gift-wrapping taken off, and the result is that everything seems to be happening in slow motion. The headlong pace of a book like *The Catcher in the Rye* seems truer to the tempo of adolescence.

I may, of course, be wrong and the reason for the book's stylistic stunt-flying may be something else. It may be that as the English language gets more and more fouled up by advertising, broadcasting and the press, imaginative writers will tend to withdraw from convention and make up their own language. Joyce pointed the way to this, though in his case the reason was partly that he had the Irishman's hatred of the language forced on him by the English. Certainly it is remarkable how many of the best writers of Mr. Gold's generation, which is also mine, write an elaborately stylized prose, at the furthest possible remove from the uncolored simplicity made popular by Hemingway and still retained by thriller-writers. It so happens that within a few days of reading Mr. Gold's book I read Kingsley Amis's excellent new novel, *Take a Girl Like You*, and what struck me was that although the books have not one thing in common as regards story or attitude, they are both equally mannered. Here are two snatches. First, from *Therefore Be Bold*. (The hero is visited by the younger brother of the girl he loves; he is just settling down to write a poem about how his heart is broken by her fickleness, but the boy tells him to forget all that.):

"A definitive poem on unfaithfulness almost in grasp, I protested against this rifling of my chagrin with a facile grant of eternal bliss. I betrayed by disappointment. 'It didn't look like she thought Chuck is stupider than me when I just by accident happened to see them together in the furnace room at Jean Thompson's that night –'

'Listen Dan, I tell you she likes you a hundred times better.' *Hunnert*, he said. 'His kisses don't fire her to undying passion, see? She told me not to tell you. They don't even illuminate her soul –'

My mother shouted from the front room: 'Hey, you talking to yourself again, a boy going on seventeen?'

'I'm working,' I yelled back, 'homework . . . Yeah, you were at the part about her soul.'

'Listen, I'm only fourteen though very advanced for my age and all I can tell you is she likes you better. How do you know you're not meant for each other? Possible, ain't it? That's a fact. Probably one kiss from you is worth a dozen from him, maybe more. Want to see her tonight? She doesn't know I came to tell you, but she's waiting for you at the Korner and Harris Drug Store just by accident until nine o'clock in case you wander down to buy a package of razor blades. Got me? You shave yet, or just once or twice? Don't tell her I told you, she'd murderize me – you ever take a look at her fingernails? Once I got an infection when she scratched me, had to soak in Epsom salts. Just wander down there, see, for some Gillette's Double Edged, for a Hallmark greeting card, for some balm for your

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sorrow, and a Coke and fate will bring you back together again. Whatever you do from then on is your own business, far be it from me to mess around' – an intriguer rogue, a cap-and-bell jester with the big tragic words and freckles soaked in lemon juice. 'She's sitting at the table by the Vitalis and Listerine, hear what I say? That Hastings is a drip. Wear a scarf instead of a tie. It's late, see?' "

And here is Mr. Amis (His hero, feeling fed-up at the end of a morning's work, is suddenly afraid he is going to have a heart attack.):

"While he was picturing this, his heart vibrated in the way it had recently started to do and he had the familiar, but never at other times imaginable, feeling of being outside himself, as if his brain had suddenly frozen, become a fixed camera, while his body continued to breathe and walk and turn its head about in a simalacrum of attention. Terror made him catch his breath; pins and needles surged in his fingers; he stopped and looked up at the sky, but that was worse and he shifted his gaze to an evergreen shrub in a raised oval bed nearby. Some configuration of the leaves under the slight breeze formed, as he watched, a shifting face in profile, the eye blinking slowly with idiotic humor, the mouth gaping as if in the painful enunciation of heavy and foreign syllables. He shut his eyes. Then it passed and he was only retrospectively frightened, soon not even that. Just nerves, he said to himself. Nothing to do with dying. And anyway, men must endure their going hence even as their coming hither, mustn't they? Ah, but then men weren't given the tip in advance about their coming hither, were they? Anyway, nothing to do with dying. Perhaps a little more to do with going mad. That would be unusual, because he was pretty sound these days on the bonkers question. Meditations on the old last end were giving him a good deal more trouble. Well, thinking about sex as much as possible was the only way to lick that."

Both these passages aim, with a good

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deal of success, to be both funny and true. Mr. Gold modulates between the actual, closely observed language of a fourteen-year-old and the exuberant fancifulness of his own language as narrator. The boy, for instance, would certainly say "Don't tell her I told you, she'd murderize me – you ever take a look at her fingernails?" But he would not, on the other hand, throw in that bit about "balm for your sorrow," nor the Miltonic roll-call of brand-names. That is Mr. Gold speaking, and he does not mind letting some of his own language get into the boy's mouth because it is understood that we are all playing a game, though for large stakes. Mr. Amis is more overtly serious; the humor (in that bit about the tree-face) is grotesque and rather depressing; he too modulates, but makes it quite clear which is his own style, as author, and which is the hero's. He pays more attention to strictly dramatic realism than Mr. Gold does, making the hero talk in an exaggeratedly free-and-easy way ("pretty sound on the bonkers question") because he is trying to jolly himself out of a bad fright.

It may seem unnecessary to compare the two passages at all, but surely there is some significance in the fact that two writers of quite different tendencies, not neighbors or collaborators, should both show this extraordinary, almost Byzantine concern with language, plus the clinical determination to catalogue images, sensations, thoughts. One sees it especially in the rare passages of narrative in Mr. Gold's book:

> "Whether from scruples against scheming or a desire to twist the knife – I cannot tell even now – Eva wanted to continue meeting me at her home. I arrived half-deaf, all ears for belief and with a mastoid of dread, not really able to imagine the words as she bathed and dressed for my coming, flushing in the foolish dream that someday Euclid Masters would learn to look and to speak in the world of persons. It seemed that only the umbrella hump of his back knew that I was there. While I stood in the parlor waiting for Eva to come down, he played solitaire, shamelessly cheating as if alone while I peered over his shoulder. He could never win often enough to conjure me out of existence. Eva made us wait together while she made herself beautiful for us before the mirror, her mother whispering and wringing her hands."

The method is not absolutely new; Dylan Thomas' *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog* was written in much the same vein more than 20 years ago, and as a matter of fact I was occasionally reminded, while reading *Therefore Be Bold*, both of that book and of *Under Milk Wood*. But I must make it clear that I name all these other books not to suggest that Mr. Gold has imitated anyone – he doesn't need to do that – but to try to indicate what kind of book it is, and who will be likely to enjoy it.

RECORDS

Bernstein and Early Ives

On Columbia KL-5489 (mono) and KS-6155 (stereo) Leonard Bernstein conducts the New York Philharmonic in Charles Ives's Symphony No. 2 (1897-1902), which Bernstein regards as an original and unjustly neglected work by "our first really great composer . . . our Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson of music." For my part I hear nothing in it that should have kept it from being played 50 years ago, but on the other hand little that calls urgently for performance now. The usual talk about Ives's having employed this or that revolutionary technique years before it was used by European composers is irrelevant and unimportant: the important thing is what music he produced with whatever technique he used. The talk is especially irrelevant and unimportant in the case of the Symphony No. 2, which contains references to American songs but nothing horrendous that should have frightened conductors and audiences 50 years ago, and in which one hears this bit of lovely writing here and that bit there, but in sum a constant shifting from one thing to another in a succession that rambles on with no integration and no cumulative effect.

The Ives is the kind of music which Bernstein deals with effectively; the standard repertory is the music he is less successful with; but his performance of Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 with the Philharmonic – on Columbia ML-5438 (mono) and MS-6112 (stereo) – goes well until the finale, in which he sets a rather deliberate tempo that causes the music to plod heavily instead of moving with elan.

On Epic LC-3725 (mono) and BC-1096 (stereo) Markevitch conducts the Lamoureux Orchestra in well-paced performances of two of the finest of the Haydn symphonies, Nos. 103 (*Drum Roll*) and 104 (*London*). The orchestra plays well, but without the refinements of execution and tone of a great orchestra, such as the Vienna Philharmonic exhibited in its earlier performance of No. 104 under Von Karajan on Victor LD and DS-2347.

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brilliant playing in its new performance of Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons* on Epic LC-3704 (mono) and BC-1086 (stereo).

Markevitch also conducts the Lamoureux Orchestra in a performance of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 with Clara Haskil as the solo pianist, on Epic LC-3726 (mono) and BC-1097 (stereo). The effectiveness of Haskil's musically sensitive playing is lessened by a dull-sounding piano that is at times overpowered by the orchestra. I suggest instead the performance on Columbia ML-5418 and MS-6096, with Glenn Gould's more powerful playing on a better piano and with a better orchestra.

The notable Cliburn performance of Schumann's Piano Concerto has been followed by another excellent performance of the work by Leon Fleisher with the Cleveland Orchestra under Szell, on Epic LC-3689 (mono) and BC-1080 (stereo). One thing to report about it is the difference in style: as against Cliburn's straightforward playing in the first movement, Fleisher's has more of the *affettuoso* character that Schumann asks for. Another thing to report is an occasional excessive whipping up of tempo. The performance is on one side of the records, with Grieg's Piano Concerto on the reverse side.

The Kroll Quartet plays well, but without the incandescence of execution and tone of some other groups. And on Epic LC-3690 (mono) and BC-1081 (stereo) it plays Schubert's great *Death and the Maiden* Quartet effectively, but without the heightening effect of the usual rhetorical expansiveness that was to be heard in the recent performance of the Juilliard Quartet on Victor LM and LSC 2378. This is one of the things that enable the Kroll group to get the Schubert work all on one side of the records and to offer Haydn's Quartet Op. 64 No. 5 *(Lark)* on the reverse side.

Capitol G-7225 (mono) and SG-7225 (stereo) give us four of Bach's greatest works for organ – the Toccata and Fugue in D minor (BWV 565), Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C (564), Fantasia and Fugue in G minor (542) and Passacaglia (582) – performed well by Fernando Germani on the organ in Royal Festival Hall, London. Because of the hall's acoustical properties the sound of the organ is not blurred by reverberation; but as recorded it is often not clearly defined in the strands of the contrapuntal texture.

On Epic LC-3709 (mono) and BC-1090 (stereo) the young American pianist Charles Rosen plays a number of pieces by Chopin: the infrequently heard but beautiful Ballade in F minor, the Scherzo in C sharp minor, the Polonaise in A flat, the Nocturnes in D flat, F sharp and B, the Mazurkas Op. No. 2 and Op. 50 Nos. 2 and 3. The performances are wholly competent but without the impress of a strong mind that one hears in Glenn Gould's playing.

Volume VIII of RCA Victor's History of Music in Sound, on LM-6146, is entitled *The Age of Beethoven (1790-1830)* and is concerned with the music of the period by composers other than Beethoven. It gives us excerpts from Cherubini's opera *Les Deux Journées*, Méhul's *Joseph*, Spontini's *La Vestale*, Spohr's *Jessonda*, Weber's *Euryanthe* and Rossini's *Otello*, two settings of the same poem by Zumsteeg and Schubert, Loewe's ballad *Edward*, chamber music by Spohr, Field and Prince Louis Ferdinand, and piano pieces by Tomásek, Dussek, Clementi and Hummel. The records are accompanied by a booklet with excellent notes by Gerald Abraham that are amply illustrated by quotations in musical notation.

London has issued on monophonic CMA-7301 the Ansermet performance of Tchaikovsky's *The Sleeping Beauty* originally issued on stereophonic CSA-2304; and on stereophonic OS-25141 the Flagstad performances of Bach and Handel arias originally issued on monophonic 5277.

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Kauffmann and the Germans

Sirs:

Mr. Stanley Kauffmann is certainly entitled to reject the Threepenny Film if he wants to, but I think his review (October 3) might be misleading to those who don't know all the facts. Bertolt Brecht himself rejected the film and has explained why in a very lengthy essay recently published. And is it really true that the main merit of the original *Threepenny Opera* lies in its score? I think many readers of the Brecht script would dissent.

Eric Bentley
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

This letter refers to that of James G. McDowell (October 10) and his concern with Stanley Kauffman's review of the recent German film, *The Rest Is Silence.*

I do not remember any review of Mr. Kauffmann's which has not interested and impressed me, and this one in particular moved me to quote from it in a forthcoming review of William L. Shirer's *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich.* Nowhere in this review does Mr. Kauffmann imply that "postwar German films dealing with the events of recent German history should be underscored with the theme of collective guilt for the crimes of Nazism." Mr. McDowell appears to have missed the quite modest point which Mr. Kauffmann made in this regard. This point was that if former Nazis are to be portrayed in contemporary German films it would be more convincing, as well as more accurate, if the tension concerning man's choice in time of stress (a tension still very much present in Germany today) was not glossed over or dismissed. For a contemporary movie director to depict a former Nazi as a hot-headed young blade whose ardor has now cooled might easily be taken for propaganda. At the very least, it is certainly a disturbing inaccurate detail in a scene of the deepest moral significance. Any light and airy treatment of so much as a detail in this scene, even in a presumably detached work of art, is to be deplored.

Kay Boyle
Rowayton, Conn.

Nixon's Secret Weapon

Sirs:

The loss of China, the Alger Hiss case, McCarthyism, Congressmen's private funds, Caracas' riots, President Eisenhower's inaction – just to mention a few of the stepstones of Nixon's career – were all bad for the country but they became good for Nixon. If in November the Americans who prefer to be flattered and deceived out-voted those who prefer to face reality and improve the situation, it would again be bad for the country and the free world – but good for Mr. Nixon, and maybe for Mr. Khrushchev.

J. Vidal
Indiana, Pennsylvania

Protestants in Politics

Sirs:

I read "Protestants in Politics" (September 19) with great pleasure. For once, we saw the so-called "religious issue" treated with good sense. For a country that is trying to convince the world of its maturity both intellectually and morally, it would seem quite difficult to explain how an attitude based on blatant misunderstanding could be the rule of thumb of a respected segment of the population in judging a Presidential candidate. As you have noted, Senator Kennedy can only prove his honesty for certain "broad minded" people by being dishonest with himself.

Aldo J. Baggia
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